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Editorial.

REAL happiness may be well tested by the impulse aroused to share it with others. Happiness is not a static quality, but a dynamic force, to employ the terminology of modern science. Amiel, that dreamy mystic, who seemed so out of place in our age of resistless will, governed by the spirit of adventure, reached this truth when he wrote that we must "regard ourselves always as the depositaries, not as the authors, of our own joys." Happiness is something to be passed along. The moment we begin using it, or its means, for self-consumption alone, it is gone. It lives but in diffusion.

A WRITER in one of the religious weeklies explains why deaconesses wear a costume. First for protection: The simple and serviceable uniform of this order guards its members against rude assault in quarters where otherwise it would be almost useless to try to escape annoyance and insult. Second: The garb is adopted for its economy, practiced not as an end in itself, but as one means of saving money that may be put to higher uses than personal adornment, and as a means, also, of inspiring confidence. Again, says this writer, "we wear the uniform because it opens hearts and homes to us." She adds that "the rustle of a silk dress is worse than the rattle of musketry for closing the hearts of many whom we visit." Lastly, the costume finds favor among those wearing it because it helps to establish a community of work and interest, an *esprit de corps*. She closes with the hope for the hastening of the time when these tokens of "bloodless warfare" against crime and suffering will be as well known as the blue coats of our soldiers."

AMONG the items floating around the press, about the anniversary exercises celebrating Dr. Hale's seventieth birthday, is one which reports how, between the hours of five and six, marking the close of the reception and the beginning of the dinner, forming part of the festivities, he was able to snatch nearly an hour's sleep; an illustration of the thorough mastery mind has gained over the body. The *Christian Union*, speaking of the festival, says, "Edward Everett Hale is denominationally a Unitarian; but his genius, like his sympathies, has not been bounded by any denominational lines; and his teaching has not been the promulgation of any denominational tenets. He has been a prophet of that spirit of faith, hope and love which transcends all sectarianism, because it finds expression in all Christian creeds and rituals. He is a member of that Broad Church which includes all phases of religious interpretation, from the Evangelical and Episcopalian Dean Stanley to the unorthodox and unecclesiastical James Martineau."

OUR friends of the Ethical Culture Society are out with an early announcement of the second annual session of the School of Applied Ethics, to be held in the same place as the first, Plymouth, Mass. The school will open Wednesday, July 6, and continue six weeks. The lectures will follow the same general course as last year, under the divisions of History of Religions, Economics, and Ethics, with the former leadership, Professors Toy, of Harvard, Adams, of Ann Arbor, and Adler, taking charge, respectively, of these departments. The Sunday afternoon lectures will discuss the relation of religion to the social and literary questions of the day. William Wallace, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Oxford, England, will give the principal course in the Ethical department, consisting of fifteen lectures on the Variation of Moral Standards. Shorter courses on the Moral Evolution of our Political Institutions and on the Idea of Justice will be given by Mr. Sheldon and Mr. Salter. We are glad to note that Miss Jane Addams of Hull House, in this city is to be present and take part in the deliberations of the school. The full programme will be published later.

THE action of the New York Presbytery, in electing only such delegates to the General Assembly, as are known to be hostile to Dr. Briggs, when important questions relating to the management of Union Seminary are to come up at the next session, is severely commented on by the liberal press, and is an illustration of ecclesiastical methods which can not long find favor anywhere. The Presbyterian body deserves high favor for the open-mindedness it has shown within the past two years on the question of the revision of the Westminster Catechism, manifesting an intellectual courage and truth-loving spirit, not always found in more advanced denominations. It has not shown quite this candor or courage in dealing with the Briggs case, perhaps because of the introduction into the arena of dispute of the human representative of a cause, inevitably lowers the tone of discussion, introducing a personal element that can not but intensify feeling on both sides. But the dignity and high character of the General Assembly will suffer sadly if other Presbyteries follow the example of New York, introducing the methods of ward politics into the councils of religion; where, however, we fear they have always obtained, to some degree.

Our Programme.

We print this week in full the programme of the coming anniversary to be held at All Souls church and in the Baptist church adjoining. The significance of this latter hospitality needs no further comment, but it ought to be a guarantee of the essentially constructive and spiritually fraternal atmosphere which these meetings create for themselves. We think every candid student must recognize in this expression of fellowship on the part of the Baptists, not only that which reflects great credit upon the Baptists, but which is also somewhat creditable to the Conference they invite. There must be something in the near proximity which persuades this Christian society to extend this courtesy; to feel that they are inviting no "bull" to their "china shop," to desecrate the sanctities of their altar or to rudely demolish their ideals of religious life. Aside from this indirect guarantee of the temper of the Conference, we are glad to offer more direct and tangible evidence in the character of the programme itself and the parties engaged in it. The fact that the pastors of the Church of the Messiah and Unity Church, Chicago, All Souls Church, Kansas City, the Unitarian churches at Madison and Milwaukee, Wisconsin, appear on the programme are significant indications of how the ministers are realizing the value of fraternity, which these and all other Unitarian organizations are feeling after.

All things considered, the friends will come up to this Conference under the most hopeful and inspiring of conditions. The Woman's Conference has had by all odds, the most significant and profitable year in its history. Aside from the routine work established in previous years, its P. O. Mission and Home-keeping work, it has shaped a new tool which has already done good work enough to warrant the expectation of still better work to be done. The Sunday School Society has carried with a steady hand the first two years of its Six Years' Course of study, and it will meet to develop still more effectively the plans for a Summer Institute and for the next year's work in the Old Testament studies.

The programme of the Conference proper commends itself. The two thought problems, which will be brought forward, are, "The Question of Public Worship," presented by Messrs. Crothers, Judy and Milsted, and "The Liberal Minister, His Place and Training," to be presented by Professor Freeman, Mr. Fenn and Miss Bartlett. "The Practical Missionary Problem of the Liberal Church Extension in the West," will be presented by Revs. Secrist, Roberts and McDougal, men who are in the field and will speak out of their practical experience.

But perhaps the most interesting, and certainly the most significant problem that will spring out of anniversary week will be those relating to the future, the immediate duties and opportunities of Unitarianism arising from the approaching World's Fair. It is very much to be hoped that before that time the representatives of the National Conference and the A. U. A. will have declared their intention to co-operate, but whatever their decision may be, the Unitarians of Chicago and the West have their duties to perform. The responsibilities of hosts rest upon them, and if obliged to do without the co-operation of the East, they should act with the committee already appointed by the World's Fair Auxiliary, and arrange for a representative meeting worthy the quadri-centennial occasion. Not the least significant event of the coming anniversary week, we trust, will be the visit of the delegates to the World's Fair ground on Friday morning. Seeing is believing. The great steel skeletons, airy in appearance as spider's web, strong and massive enough to sustain the largest buildings ever constructed by man, can not fail in arousing an enthusiasm that will reach religious intensity and dignity.

With the disadvantage occasioned by the absence of our secretary, the local board have tried to do their part. It remains only for our outside friends to lend their co-operation by a prompt election of delegates, a generous support of the treasury and a large attendance, delegates and others, to make this fortieth year of the Western Conference worthy a past, and nobly to justify the dream of the brave men who, in Cincinnati in 1852, gave it being.

The Western Director.

We are glad to note that the Nominating Committee for Officers of the A. U. A. have put into nomination for director for the Western States and Pacific Coast the names of W. W. Fenn, and John R. Effinger, of Chicago. From these two the delegates and life members of the A. U. A. are expected to name one by mail. The one receiving the majority of votes will be placed in *nomination* for election at the annual meeting. Mr. Fenn, both in his personal and representative character, is an admirable candidate, but, in view of facts well understood by those who have watched the history of activities during the last six years, we trust that the friends in the East, more than those in the West, will see to it that the name of Mr. Effinger is returned in such a way that no one can mistake the fraternal spirit in the denomination at large and the desire of the

constituency of the A. U. A. to see justice done. If the name of Mr. Effinger is thus presented on the regular ballot it will obviate the necessity, made imperative the last two years, of presenting a new name in nomination from the floor, on the day of the annual meeting; a proceeding always in order and oftentimes necessary in order to give an unrecognized minority an opportunity to present their claims. From geographical necessity and the non-representative character of the life membership votes, the regular nomination will necessarily be largely the voice of Boston and immediate vicinity. We trust also that no one will take refuge from this logic of justice and fair presentation under the accidental fact of Mr. Effinger's ill health at the present time, and the probable election of a successor to the secretaryship of the W. U. C. at the next annual meeting. All the more gracious would the recognition be to this faithful brother who has worked so hard and suffered so much in the interest of a cause as dear in the East as in the West. If a successor to Mr. Effinger is named at the annual meeting of the W. U. C., and if it is then deemed best, it will be quite possible to follow the admirable precedent established by the practical Brooke Herford in 1884, when he withdrew the name of Mr. Jones as a candidate for re-election on the board of the A. U. A. and substituted the name of his successor in the secretaryship of the Western Conference, with the consent and approval of all parties concerned. Mr. Tiffany well said at the last annual meeting that the only way to *represent* a constituency is to elect a *representative* of that constituency. When justice is done in this matter of representation to the Western Conference constituency it must be done by friends of justice in the East. The Western workers can better afford to be ignored than can the Eastern workers afford to ignore them.

The Alamo City.

Coming into San Antonio under the glare of electric lights the glimpses we got from our omnibus windows, of low-roofed houses, of narrow and crooked streets and "odd juxtapositions" of new and old, gave to the city a decided foreign aspect. And when we woke next day and went out to breathe the soft air of the March morning (just think of it!) the green plaza in front of our hotel, with its luxuriant foliage, its gorgeous roses bursting into bloom, its white drifts of spirea and beds of pansies, the battered, time-worn front of the Alamo looking down upon it, the dark sombrero-shaded faces of the Mexicans, as they sat or stood patiently beside their little portable candy-stands or bore them from corner to corner on their heads, the sea-green waters of the San Antonio river, spanned by many bridges, and fringed with trees, winding its tortuous way through the town,—all combined to make a charming and unique picture.

Few towns of fifty thousand inhabitants are more cosmopolitan than this San Antonio, about equi-distant —one hundred and fifty miles, from the Gulf and the border-line of Mexico. In the faces you meet on the streets, the names you read on signboards and the varied forms of architecture, you recognize a blending of nationalities, but all dominated by a civilization that is distinctly American. The novel feature to us is the Mexicans, who are still here in considerable force, constituting perhaps one eighth of the population. In spite of what is regarded as their national characteristic — laziness — they are a most ingenious and artistic people. A Mexician bazaar displays exquisite embroideries, drawn-work, feather-work and a great variety of little figure-pieces in clay, representing Mexican costumes and occupations, which show great skill in design and execution. It is said that they are excellent stone-cutters and the fine work on many residences and public buildings, constructed of the light sandstone which is quarried in this region, attests the superiority of their workmanship. But the favorite occupation of a large number of them seems to be the keeping of candy stores and the vending of small wares on the street. A curious custom prevails among them of keeping all-night, open-air restaurants on the various plazas about the city; gathering with their tables about four o'clock in the afternoon and remaining until four or five in the morning, where the lovers of such Mexican dainties as tomales, chili-con-carne, frigoles, enchiladas and tortillas, can be served to their taste the whole night long. The Mexican jackal, (hackal), with its low roof and earthen floor, its little shrine of the Madonna and its paucity of comfort, may still be seen in the Mexican quarter, which lingers like a poor relation on the outskirts of the thriving city.

San Antonio is not only from its history and local coloring the most interesting, but commercially the most important city in the state. The many miles of well paved streets, the handsome and costly public buildings, the solid banks and business houses, the steel bridges spanning the river, the electric lights and electric street railways running out in all directions to growing suburbs and additions, the wool and cotton and cattle markets, all mark it one of the most enterprising cities of the country, north or south, and the vast region tributary to it must give it a great future. The public schools are thoroughly organized and well housed and generously sustained. Besides the annual school tax and an interest in the one hundred million school fund of the state, there is a considerable permanent invested fund; and what seems to me an unusual and very just arrangement, the salaries of the teachers which are about up to the average elsewhere, go on during the vacation months. It is to be noted that the Mexican children, though scarcely distinguishable in color from the negroes, are admitted to the white schools, while the Afro-American is kept to himself.

The water supply here is a marvel. Within three miles of the city the San Antonio river gushes out of the hills in numberless perennial springs. The San Pedro creek, a smaller stream flowing through the town, has a similar origin nearer by. Artesian wells abound, making the present flow of pure water within the city limits more than forty-five million gallons daily. A delightful afternoon excursion is to board the electric cars for San Pedro Springs or Alamo Heights, and explore the sources of these ever-flowing crystal waters, embosomed, as we found them one sunny day this week, amid the beauty of hills and woods, where the wild flowers were blossoming in endless profusion and the redbirds took us into a sort of familiar companionship, hopping near us from branch to branch, graciously permitting us to admire the beauty of their plumage, as well as the richness of their song. The male redbird, sooth to say, unlike his human brother, is the dressy member of the family and wears his scarlet satin coat in all weathers; while his mate is modestly attired in gray, relieved only by the ruddy hue of her beak—her rosy lips we said. We could not say which was the handsomer, they looked so well together.

The spiritual needs of the city are ministered to by thirty-one churches. Four of these are Roman Catholic,—one German, one Polish, one Mexican, and one American; a small percentage considering "the head start" our Catholic brethren had here in the beginning. There is one Jewish synagogue and one Lutheran church. The rest are almost equally divided between Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists. No Unitarian work has yet been attempted, and perhaps the time is not ripe for it, but it will surely come as the liberated intelligence and moral sense perceive the insufficiency of ancient doctrines and forms, and reach out after a religion which meets the human need and aspiration. The orthodoxy prevalent here is of the genuine old brimstone type, which in the nature of things must become obsolete. Even now, judging from a sermon we heard in one of the Methodist churches, the ethical emphasis is deepening here as elsewhere. With the characteristic courage and straightforwardness of the Methodist ministry, the preacher denounced the current evils and abuses of the city government and political life, and while he could not do without a personal devil in his religious system, he dwelt with yet more earnestness on the need of personal purity and righteousness and moral courage.

As a health resort San Antonio presents many attractions. It has a dry, stimulating climate, with an elevation of five hundred and sixty-four feet above sea level. Its extremes of heat and cold are not great. It is preferred even to Los Angeles for invalids suffering from pulmonary and rheumatic trouble, by some who have lived both in California and Texas. We are one hundred and fifty miles south of Jacksonville, Fla., and thirty-six miles below St. Augustine. I gradually shed my winter garments in the last days of March and have had no occasion to resume them. For the benefit of those who feel an interest in the exact figures, I may add that a large, airy, comfortably furnished room, with sunny exposure and bathroom attached, with elevator service and all modern conveniences, may be had in the Bexar Apartments for thirty-five dollars per month, and day board fairly good within easy distance, at from five to six dollars a week. Rooms less desirable in themselves but admirably located in the Alamo Flats, on the Alamo Plaza, may be had for twenty dollars a month, to say nothing of a sliding scale of prices in various private houses throughout the city.* These facts are not poetical, but may chance to be useful to some friend inclining this way for a winter refuge.

(*Continued in our next.*)

Come to Chicago.

This is the way *Religion Old and New*, of Davenport, Iowa, beckons to Eastern Unitarians:

"A movement is under way to have the next National Conference of the Unitarian Church held in Chicago during the time of the World's Fair. The arguments in favor of the proposition seem to a Western man unanswerable. If the object of these conferences be to present Unitarianism before the world in a way that compels attention, no time or place could be chosen better adapted to the purpose than Chicago during the autumn of 1893. It is time for the Unitarians of the East to heed the Macedonian cry of the West not only with gracious and generous gifts of money, but with what, under the conditions named, will be even more effective—a generous allowance of their own gracious presence. Let our New England friends have adequate faith in the power of their presence to proclaim our word, and they will be equal to all the difficulties the longer journey occasions."

*Charges at the Menger Hotel, said to be the best in the state, are three dollars a day.

Men and Things.

It is announced that the English Woman's Committee on the World's Fair has appointed Miss Philippa Fawcett to deliver a lecture at Chicago on Women's Education in England.

Report says Miss Mary Allen West, editor of the *Union Signal*, is to visit Japan soon in the interests of W. C. T. U. school of methods, of which work she is the national superintendent.

The death of Dom Pedro, late Emperor of Brazil, left a vacancy in the list of (eight) foreign associates of the Académie des Sciences, France, and it is likely to be filled by the election of Lord Kelvin, who, as Sir William Thomson, is known as the "first physicist" in the world.

Mr. Gladstone gives as the key to all his political changes this fact: "I was educated to regard liberty as an evil: I have learned to regard it as a good." This, he says, will explain his political history and make intelligible those changes in his public life which to the average observer seem inconsistent.

Rev. Dr. Van Dyke, of New York, who has recently been discharging the duties of one of the university preachers at Harvard, states that during the ten days he was at Cambridge sixty undergraduates called to consult with him on questions of religion and morals. Dr. Van Dyke adds that he knows of no church in this country where so many young men are in the habit of consulting their pastor in that space of time. This is not exactly in accord with the general, but nevertheless erroneous idea of the Harvard student.

The American section of the Theosophical society held a meeting in this city last week. The following definition of a theosophist, given by the presiding officer, and quoted from Madame Blavatsky, will fit almost any form of advanced liberal faith, aiming to establish a basis of reason and righteousness in religion: "Any person of average intellectual capacities, with a leaning toward the metaphysical; of pure unselfish life, who finds more joy in helping his neighbor than in receiving help himself; one who is ever ready to sacrifice his whole pleasure for the sake of other people, and who loves truth, goodness and wisdom for their own sakes, not for the benefit they may confer, is a theosophist."

The first phosphorus match was made in the penitentiary of Hohenasberg, Germany. The inventor was John Frederick Komerer, a political prisoner. Komerer was a chemist by profession, and was permitted to make scientific experiments by his unusually humane jailer. A year after he struck his first lucifer match, Komerer was set free, only to find that he, a penniless man, had to fight capitalists who were interested in his discovery, on which no patent was then obtainable. The German government thought matches dangerous, and injured the inventor still further by prohibiting their use. This ruined Komerer, who died in extreme poverty.

Unity has had so much to say in condemnation of the killing of birds of plumage for ornamental purposes and the meretricious uses of fashion, that our feminine readers may fairly demand that we also chronicle our disapprobation almost as strong, for the use said to be made of this method of decoration in the house of Henry C. Bowen, proprietor of the *Independent*, the halls and ceilings of whose house are ornamented with birds' wings of every variety. What deserves condemnation on grounds of cruelty and heartless vanity as a feature of feminine toilet is to be equally condemned as a means of household decoration. The ends of science and a humane spirit are served in neither case.

Chicago is to have a statue of Shakspeare. W. O. Partridge is the sculptor, who is now at work on the statue in Paris. It will be placed in Lincoln Park, which is coming to be the home of so much that is great and inspiring in this line. Medallion portraits of Booth and Irving are to be placed on the base, as the greatest living exponents on the stage of the dramatist. The great poet is represented as seated in his garden at Stratford, and the statue will be placed on a low pedestal on a level with the spectator's line of vision. Mr. Partridge has written a sonnet in explanation of his realistic, but pleasing, conception of his subject, of which we quote a few lines:

"Who models thee must be thine intimate,
Nor place thee on a grand uplifted base
Where tired eyes can hardly reach thy face;
For others this might serve; thou art too great;
Who sculptures thee must grasp thy human state,
Thy wider knowledge of the human trace.

. . . . . .

I saw this Shakspeare on the street; he seemed
But man, like you and me."

Contributed and Selected.

Free Thoughts.

Printed by request.

Say, were it not better that all, bad and good,
Should sleep on forever beneath the green sod,
Than that few should be saved, by the shedding of blood
With the millions in Hell for the glory of God?

But there's an alternative better than this,
The hope of a life where all trouble shall cease;
Where the good dwell forever in innocent bliss
And *all may* find happiness, mercy and peace.

And if this is better why will it not be?
For Infinite Wisdom is bound to do right;
If He will not, how can he claim homage from me,
If He can not, then vain is his wisdom and might.

When shall dogmas and creeds cease to fetter man's mind,
Or base superstition o'ershadow his day?—
When the blind shall no longer be led by the blind,
But *reason* and *truth*, be the light of his way.

B.

The Living Atom.

In its little world, among its own kind, deep down in the heart of the earth, in a profound and desolate darkness and a solitude perpetual, the atom of hydrogen dwelt. Alone with its sister atoms of oxygen it passed its long days; the world to it and its kindred and sisters a molecule; the universe a bit of the water of crystallization of a speck of spar in a clod. Yet here in this tiny compass was life. Having lived always in darkness they knew not nor cared for light. Ignorant of whence they came, they only knew they were. The question "Why?" was never heard among them. So they lived on for uncounted ages the dull and dismal round of existence.

I do not know how it came to pass, or in what manner it became known among the atoms, but in some way (whether naturally or by revelation, and according to my thinking it matters little which) it was noised abroad that a great change of some kind was about to happen in their world. None of all the multitude knew what it was, and yet some were found, strangely enough, not knowing, who still professed to know, and went about with despairing faces and sad wails crying out to their brothers and sisters to beware of what they called a wrath to come.

Now our friend the atom could not be made to understand this awful fear, and when the others used to get together and make a great clamor, appealing in many different ways to the vast Demon of the Dark (for so some called their god) he stayed away, not scornfully, because he felt for others' folly and weakness a great pity; but as he told some who cared to listen, that his faith was so great it needed none of the sort of help so earnestly demanded. When they asked him if he believed in what they called "the efficacy of prayer," he answered, "I believe in a high and holy aspiration, in the due submission of the creature to the Creator, in the constant communion of that which is high with the Highest, of that which is good with the Best, of the beautiful with Beauty, of the lovely with Love."

This seemed to all the others very meaningless, and questioning further, they asked if he believed in a Demon of the Dark. To this the atom at once and stanchly said, "No," whereat there was a great outcry, and with one accord they all forsook him and fled. All, at least, except a few scurvy fellows who came when the rest had gone and laughed mockingly, hailing the atom as one of themselves. "Neither do we believe in a demon," they said, "nor indeed in anything, for what is there in this foolishness of faith? We know what is, and that it is all,—nothing for us and our like forever but darkness, solitude and desolation. Hail! fellow well met, come now with us and enjoy the darkness and desolation, content with it because we can not help it."

The atom answered quietly, "You heard what I said awhile ago, how I loved the high, the good, the beautiful, the lovely. Think you then I cling to this gloom, this blind monotony, or that, while yet afar off, I do not recognize the image of the eternal destiny?"

At this moment a philosopher, chancing to pass by, overhearing these remarks, stopped to applaud. "You do well," said he, "to refuse to consort with these lewd fellows; and you do well also,—discarding as well the worship of the populace, as the unworthiness of sin, to accept the truth as it is in science."

To this the atom answered (whilst a number of the devout, having observed the concourse, came back to listen), "Is the truth qualified, either by science, or by any other name? What is truth?"

"You, yourself," said the sage impatiently, "called it rightly even now, speaking of eternal destiny. It is that which was, and is, and is to be. It is nature, endless, enduring, the body that is our body, and the life that is our life."

"And is there no other life?" asked the atom, wishing a reply, and not because he did not know already.

The wise man smiled, saying nothing, but the rabble jeered, and some of them who professed and called themselves holy said, "This man is inconsistent, now he appears to say that he believes, but before he denied."

"What was it I denied?" asked the living atom.

"The demon."

"Truly, for there is no demon."

"Ah, ha!" they cried. "Thou infidel; how canst thou say there is no demon, and yet dost profess to believe in another life?"

"What is it," said the atom, "this other life?" Then, none answering, but all, each after his own fashion, deriding in their minds, he began to expound unto them the truth that cometh down from the Father of light, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning."

"Can ye not feel," he cried, "the wondrous influence of that Power which is even now working in your hearts, silently drawing all atoms unto himself? There is the life that now is, and there is the life that shall be. There is this natural body, and there is another and spiritual body; and we can not live unless we change this body, and are made anew in a nobler likeness according to the working whereby Power is able to subdue all things unto himself."

You might think that they would have understood what the living atom said; but no, they went their several ways, some professing credulity, and calling it faith; some to their own lusts, preferring to remain in the darkness and desolation; and even the sage, ignorant that his wisdom was foolishness, because to him it was the wisdom of his little world.

All this while a great oak tree above was sending down its roots lower and lower into the soil, down into the depths of darkness year after year, seeking earnestly in every chink and cranny for that which it foresaw was to be drawn unto it. It was the potency of this Power which the loving heart of the living atom felt, the vital force, the blessed relation between spirit and that which is born of the Spirit; the glory begotten of the Father, whereby the atom passed from death unto life. For the oak tree had come into that tiny world, and the world knew him not; but the living atom knew and welcomed him, and the root of the oak tree drew him to himself, and into the trunk and the branch, and the leaf, and on, on forever, into the life eternal, higher, higher, and ever and always higher, in that life of whose kingdom there is no end.

HUDOR GENONE.

"Reflections."

The question as to what people should read is a question as to what is best for them to read.

The moral sentiment has its two shores—the human and the divine, and while the mighty ocean of life surges and rushes on its way, this sentiment shows where the human and the divine intermingle.

The problem in modern civilization is not who can become the greatest, the richest and the smartest, but how can the entire people be lifted up into liberty as against slavery, knowledge as against ignorance, virtue as against vice, joy as against pain and misery.

The power of education will be seen at its best not in the law and spirit of aristocracy, but in the law and spirit of democracy—not in the plutocracy but in the government of the people, for the people and by the people.

The sadness of a heart weighed down by grief is oftentimes the stepping-stone to transfiguration as the night is the revealer of the stars.

A man or woman may in disposition and conduct be a compound of what are called good and bad tendencies or characteristics, yet their destiny is always along one or the other lines of conduct.

Nothing is more irrational than the claim of atheism, which admitting, as Bishop Butler shows in his "Analogy," that we exist here without God, yet repudiates the doctrine that we shall live or that we can live after death under under equal or similar conditions.

J. C. F. GRUMBINE.

A New Use for Music.

We have read that "music hath charms to soothe the savage beast," but were not aware of its use as indicated in this anecdote:

In some parts of Scotland there was formerly much opposition to the culture of the science of music. On one occasion two ministers of neighboring churches exchanged pulpits. One of the churches had a fine choir and excellent congregational singing, but the other utterly disregarded such creditable work. As the minister of the one fond of musical culture was going to take dinner with an elder of the other church, he remarked to him that he was surprised that they had such poor singing in their services; he could not see how such performances could be pleasing to the Almighty. The elder, not liking the criticism, replied:

"Oh, we do not sing to please God."

"Indeed," said the mininster, "pray, then, what do you sing for?"

The elder, being of a humorous turn of mind, made the ridiculous, not to say blasphemous response:

"We sing to frighten the devil!"

To which the minister made the reply:

"Well, my brother, I can assure you, you are in a very likely way to suceed."—*Epworth Herald.*

THE mystical element in Christianity is the Christ life repeated in each generation, the new birth of the spirit, the fresh witness of God in the heart. In their lower forms mysticisms and rationalism are contradictory, when each have reached their full development we see their harmony. They unite in a "sweet reasonableness," such as we find in Jesus. This is that "mind of Christ" for which men seek. Emerson tells us of the way in which the logical and the intuitive tendencies unite. The oriental rationalist says to the mystic, "all that you see I know," to whom the mystic answers, "All that you know I see." When religion reaches its perfect growth this union will be visible everywhere. The great laws of righteousness and love will be alike evident to the understanding and to the affection. What the finest understanding knows the pure heart sees.—*S. M. Crothers.*

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Church Door Pulpit.

*Shall We Celebrate Easter?

By Rev. A. W. Gould, Delivered at Hinsdale, Ill., April 17, 1892.

"The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life."—*2 Cor. iii. 6.*

To day the Christian church celebrates its greatest festival. It ends its long season of sadness by bursting into one universal chorus of rejoicing. And it does this, we are told, because on this day some eighteen centuries ago a young Jew rose from the dead, and so proved that all men might rise from the dead. That "resurrection of Jesus," we are assured by writers like Dean Milman, "is the groundwork of the Christian doctrine of the immortality of the soul." And the question I wish to consider with you this morning is whether we, as Unitarians, have any share in this joyous festival, this hope of immortality.

This question is not difficult to answer if we keep strictly to the letter. The alleged resurrection of Jesus rests for its proof on human testimony, as all other alleged facts of the past do. That testimony can be examined in the court of history. It has been examined and found totally incompetent to establish the fact. The verdict of historical scholarship to-day is that the resurrection of Jesus is not proved by the evidence now accessible. It is definitely rejected from authentic history, even by orthodox scholars.

Therefore if we Unitarians feel bound to follow our reason in all things, we must reject it from our religious belief, however much of sorrow that rejection may cost us. And a Unitarian, I suppose, must be reasonable, whatever else he may not be. Others may shrink from the conclusions of their reason, but he must not. The ideal Unitarian, it seems to me, must be like the man of unswerving rectitude, so finely described by the Roman poet Horace. Such a man, he says, will not be moved from his settled convictions by roaring mob or threatening tyrant, or even by heaven itself, though it should come crashing in ruins about him. In like manner, the Unitarian must hold fast to his reason, undaunted by the clamors of the crowd or the claims of an infallible book. The crowd and the book, the mob and the tyrant, are not such formidable things now as they used to be. Men get gain and glory even by defying them. But when we see heaven itself crumbling above us as the result of following our reason we may perhaps feel like hesitating.

But we must not hesitate if we be loyal to the principle of our fathers in the faith, the principle of absolute intellectual honesty in religion. We must move steadily forward, even though the heavens do fall. Channing accepted Christianity only because he thought it was reasonable. He accepted the resurrection because as he said, "It is a fact which comes to me with a certainty which I find in few ancient histories." But if Channing could have been convinced that it was unreasonable to accept the resurrection because its supposed evidence vanished at the touch of historical criticism, he would certainly have felt bound to reject it. He did reject all of the Christianity of his time that seemed unreasonable to him. That rejection was what made him a Unitarian. And if we would be worthy of the name he honored we must be brave enough to reject all that seems unreasonable to us of to-day—even though the heaven of our fathers pass away and this beautiful Easter festival fade into an unmeaning pageant. And certainly if the Christian hope of immortality has for its only basis the literal resurrection of Jesus, then that hope perishes when its basis crumbles to dusty tradition. In that case "If Christ be not risen, your faith is vain," as Paul declared, your hope is dead, killed by the letter. For the letter killeth. But, as this same apostle tells us, the spirit giveth life. Is there anything in the spirit of the Easter festival which can give back life to our dead hopes of immortality?

Dr. Hedge was fond of saying that there was a greater word than Christianity. That word, he claimed, was Humanity. And this Easter festival belongs not to Christianity only but to humanity as well. Its very name antedates Christianity. It is from Eastera, the beautiful Goddess of Spring, whom our ancestors, before they ever heard of Christ used to celebrate as rising from the death of winter at the first beam of the new sun—the sleeping beauty wakened by the kiss of the young hero. The Jews themselves had an Easter festival a thousand years before Jesus was born. It was to a celebration of this festival that Jesus and his disciples had come when he was seized at Jerusalem and crucified. The neighbors of the Jews also had such spring festivals, like the one celebrated each year at Byblos in Phœnicia. There the women with somber robes and disheveled hair, bewailed the dead god Adonis, and bore him with tears to his tomb. But the next day they changed their robes of mourning for garments of joy, and burst into the glad cry, "Our Lord is risen and his resurrection is our salvation." That was their Good Friday and their Easter Sunday centuries before the Christian era. And traces of such a vernal festival are found everywhere, in India, in Egypt, in America even, as well as in Europe and Asia. So that if we wish to understand its real spirit we must include in our view other religions besides Christianity. The man who knows only the Christian religion does not really know that, any more than the man who knows his own language really knows that language. The philologist must compare his own language with others, the anatomist must compare his own frame with that of the lower animals, to win knowledge of any real value. And when we compare our Easter with similar festivals in other religions we find that though the outer form, the letter, varies widely, the spirit is the same in all. All of them rest on the feeling that man is immortal, that death is the doorway to new and nobler life. The vegetation of earth dies at autumn, but rises to new life in the springtime. Man, too, dies in the autumn of his life, but he will rise to new and nobler life in some coming spring. That is the simple creed of all these great festivals. The worshiper, however, claims that the creed is proved by actual resurrection, the resurrection of an Eastera or an Adonis, of a Bacchus or an Osiris or a Christ. But the festival did not spring from the mythical resurrection. The resurrection sprang from the festivals. The festivals are older than the god or goddess whose resurrection they celebrate. The festivals sprang from the universal yearning of the human heart for immortality.

Therefore, though we give up the resurrection of Jesus as unproved, we are still confronted by this great instinct of the human race. What does our reason say to this? Must we, who follow our reason in all things, renounce this also?

One of the principles accepted by naturalists at the present day is that there is no such thing in nature as a desire for the impossible. Whatever desires nature has implanted in her creatures she has made possible of satisfaction. No one doubts this principle when applied to the lower creatures. The bird, the brute, the reptile, the fish are all so made as to be able to satisfy the desires they exhibit. But I can not see why this principle should not apply to men as well as to brutes. Has nature treated man less kindly than the brute? Has she provided for all the brutal longings of man and left his noblest aspirations impossible of satisfaction? If man has been treated like the other creatures on this globe, then this universal desire for a life beyond the grave must mean that there is some such life. It is a prophecy, and a pledge of its own fulfillment. This belief in immortality is itself a scientific fact, and can be explained consistently with the other facts of science only by assuming that there is something beyond death.

When the imprisoned bird of passage as the time of migration comes beats its breast against the bars of its cage, its instinct is accepted by science as a positive proof that there is some land beyond the horizon where the bird would lead a happier life, and which it would reach if released. And when a Jesus or a Socrates beats his spirit against the bars of this bodily cage, that is the same proof of a better land elsewhere. If the instinct of the bird is trustworthy why should we distrust the instinct of the human being, of the whole human race, as they celebrate this Easter festival under its varying names?

But science has actually proved a part of this human instinct to be true. It has proved that death is a blessing, not a curse, as some of our theologies have asserted. It has proved that death is the one absolutely indispensable condition of all the higher blessings of life.

The students of nature have recently discovered that there is no such thing as birth or death among the very lowest of living beings. Those beings are single cells, and when one of them has completed its period of life, it does not die. It simply divides itself into two cells. Nothing of its old material is cast aside. There are merely two new beings where there had been but one. And each of the new beings lives its own life and then divides in its turn. And so on, till a single cell has increased to a million or a billion of independent individuals. Life can thus multiply itself indefinitely without birth or death in any material sense.

But when we rise one step in creation we find the first traces of death. In this higher stage the single-celled creature divides as before, but it divides now internally. The outer covering of the cell seems to have become so hardened by use that it can no longer be divided and fitted to the new lives. Therefore it bursts and the new creatures come forth, leaving the thin shell behind them, but fashioning all of its contents into their new lives. So that death here is only the casting aside of the thinnest of coverings.

And when we climb another step higher, where the first rude organs begin to appear, organs for locomotion or for seizing and devouring food, we find the outer husk of organized form cast aside at death. The new lives fashion their own organs. But all of the inner life of the parent goes into the children

Death then, in its original form, is only the brushing aside of the old and useless material, the outer husk, the shell of life. And it is supposed that when life began on this globe it began with the single cell, and as long as it remained in that low form there was no death. And if life had remained forever stationary this world would have been forever deathless. But death was given to us that we might have life, and have it more abundantly. The covering shell, which is devised to protect the growing life within, soon cramps it and must be shattered or laid aside, if the life is to continue its growth. It became a prison to the growing life. Death unlocked the door of that prison, and life

"Stole with soft step the shining archway through,"

as Holmes says of the "Chambered Nautilus." But like the nautilus, life straightway built itself another house:

"Stretched in its last-found home and knew the old no more."

But still the life continued to grow, and soon its last-found home was too small; and once more it must steal through death's archway and build itself a "still more stately mansion."

Now according to the theory of Evolution, it is through an endless series of such archways of death that life has been led from the "low-vaulted past" up the long mountain slope that separates the single cell from man. Without death there would be nothing but single cells on this earth to-day. Therefore human instinct is entirely justified in feeling that death is not the final end of all things but the beginning of new and higher things. Religion has a right to believe in the resurrection from the dead, since Science herself has a faith full of such resurrections. The whole past life of the globe is a resurrection from preceding deaths.

Not every death is indeed a resurrection to higher life, but every death may be. Every death is an open door set before the dying creature. If its past life has been indolent and abject, death does not lift it to any higher realm. Death may even sink it lower. But if its past life has been an heroic struggle upwards, death is a birth into higher life. Death is the crucible, as it were, through which nature passes all her products that she may burn away the dross or the gilding of the past, and start each being just where it deserves to go. Thus she is enabled constantly to select those that are fittest for the higher realms she wishes to people with worthy beings, with those that have the strongest instinct for higher life. And each selection strengthens that high instinct, till finally man has inherited it from billions of struggling generations.

Now this is not the fancy of mystical dreams. It is the sober and accepted theory of Science herself. According to science, death has reigned from the cell to man only to bring forth new and higher life. Science can say, with our own poet,

"There is no Death! What seems so is transition."

But if this is the case in all the past till we reach man, why should he be the sole exception to the rule? Science knows no exceptions to nature's rules. Nature is uniform. Therefore death in man also must be intended to bring forth some higher life. That is the law which science itself—this "Daniel come to judgment"—lays down for us, and we thank her for it.

Science and Religion then are both agreed that there will be a resurrection from the dead. The only chance for disagreement is in conjecturing the exact way in which man is to rise again. Judging from the analogy of the past, we might think that his resurrection would come only in the new life of his children. In all the past death has been brushing aside the parents to raise the children to higher life. Death is still doing the same thing among men, and thus elevating the human race. The cry of the new born babe is the ever-repeated trumpet of resurrection to higher life, and if this is all the resurrection there is, our immortality will be in the race not in the individual. The individ-

*A part of the scientific argument of this sermon was published in the *Unitarian Review* for last November.

al will die but the race will live and se ever higher, and in time we shall ave beings here on this earth as much bove the present man as he is above he brute.

There is no doubt that such a resurrection as this is strictly in keeping with the course of nature in the past. That is the way the resurrection of man appears when we look backward. But it is wise to look forward as well as backward. If we should see some plant rise from its seed in the spring, unfolding leaf after leaf, and thrusting out branch after branch, we might think, when we had watched it for a month or two, that judging by the past it would go on producing new leaves and branches forever. But if we should visit it as autumn approached, we should find it had ceased to grow and had begun to blossom; and still later we should find it withered and dead. If we still looked backward only we should think that this was the end of the plant, but a seed from one of the blossoms of the plant, sown when winter was over, would convince us that it still lived.

And why may not the whole cycle of life on this earth have a seed-time as well as the single plant? In looking at the growth below man we see indeed only new leaves and branches, new species and varieties continually put forth. But to infer thence that the same process will go on forever, is to neglect to look forward; is to forget that autum is coming. For the geologists assert that the days of this planet of ours are as surely numbered, as the days of the coming summer, and soon the earth will be as cold and lifeless as the moon is already. Therefore life can not continue forever on this globe. Even if there were time for one or two higher races than man to evolve, the process must stop sometime. Winter will soon or late be here; and then what is to happen?

Is it reasonable to think that life is to end in nothing, then?—that all the leaves and branches of the past ages, all the higher lives from past deaths, are to culminate in a few years of human existence?—just enough to rouse our longing for more knowledge and a still higher life, just enough to enable us to gather a few pebbles on the shores of the infinite ocean—and then plunge us into annihilation?

"'Twere imbecile hewing out roads to a wall,"

says Mrs. Browning of fleeting human affairs; and how much more imbecile to spend millions of ages hewing out roads for the life of a whole planet, to lead at last to absolute nothingness! Dare we accuse the Creator of such imbecility as that?

Then if the Creator is not going to make what human reason must prove a stupendous failure of his handiwork here, the life on this planet must sometimes change its process. It must cease rising anew in the child only, and must produce a seed destined to grow elsewhere. Such a change is strictly in keeping with the analogy of the life of plants. And against such a transferrence of souls from this world to another, science has no word to say. The universe is full of worlds in all stages of development; and if human thought can be transferred from mind to mind, if the power that sustains life can be transferred from sun to earth, surely whatever it is that inspires these frames of ours can be transferred to any other home better fitted for it.

The only remaining question is whether the seed-time has arrived yet. Are we the race that should come, or must we look for another and higher race on this globe?

Ten years ago nearly all scientists held a theory of heredity, that made dreams like Bulwer's "Coming Race," and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," not inconceivable. According to that theory, whatever of moral or intellectual character human beings acquired in young or before the birth of their children, could be inherited by those children. So by a careful education of the young, in a few generations we could bring on the millennium, and in a few centuries could make angels of men as well as of women. But the facts of biology are forcing a new theory upon scholars, a theory that makes the acquired character of the parents only an infinitessimal part of the child's inheritance. He inherits rather the whole past of the human race and of animal life, so that to raise him permanently, that whole past has to be lifted upward.

Do you remember the story of the Norse god, Odin's visit to the lower world? He boasted of his strength while there, and his host asked him to show it by lifting a cat that was in the room. That mighty god of our ancestors put all his strength into the effort, yet, to his surprise, he found that he could not raise the slight creature. He could barely stir a single paw from the floor. When he was departing his host told him that the seeming cat was a minute portion of the gigantic world-serpent that encircled the whole earth, and to lift it he must have lifted the whole earth. The wonder was that he had succeeded in raising a single paw.

So the child is a minute portion of the vast earth-encircling life, and to lift him we must raise the whole past life of the globe. The child at his birth is already a thousand times older than the fabled Methuselah, and has the bad as well as the good of the past stamped in his character. Though not totally depraved, as the childless Calvin asserted, he is a young barbarian even when born of the most cultured parents, as he would show, if cast in infancy on an uninhabited island. If he is raised to civilization by education, it is only one paw that is lifted, not the whole creature. He is still three-fourths barbarian. His children will still be born barbarian, and even he will relapse into barbarism at the slightest provocation.

Now, if this new theory of heredity is true—and it is rapidly prevailing among scientific men—it indefinitely postpones the millennium, the kingdom of heaven on earth. It forbids us to expect any sudden transformation of the human race. Not even an Odin from Valhalla, or a Christ from heaven, can lift it by main force. It must grow up gradually, and at least as long a period will be required to evolve a new race out of man as it has taken to evolve man out of the brute, and probably many times longer. There is scarcely time then for a higher race here, and, therefore, we must be the final blossom of the mighty world's tree.

But besides this negative reason there is a still stronger positive reason pointing in the same direction. The very fact that we are the first to form this daring faith in a destiny that transcends earth, is in favor of its reasonableness. No other creature, so far as naturalists can see, have ever hoped to rise above earth at death. If all creatures had thus hoped and hoped vainly, then man might see good reason to distrust his own hopes. But what all the lower creatures have hoped and struggled for they have attained. All their desires and instincts have been satisfied here on this earth. Nature knows no such thing as an impossible instinct among the lower creatures. Man is the first to feel a desire this earth can not satisfy. The appearance of that desire seems to mark some change in nature's process, some boundary line between the old life and the new. Man is the first to reach that boundary and catch a glimpse of the new region beyond.

We were the first that ever burst nto that silent sea of immortal hope. We are the opening blossoms of the long growth of the millenniums. Like a mighty century plant of the ages, the life on this earth has been growing in the past, its top climbing even heavenwards, its roots and leaves gathering from earth and air, the store of immortal strength, that was to burst into final bloom when the fullness of time should come. The roots could not produce the flower, the leaves could not. Fish and reptile, bird and brute, could only climb through death to higher earthly life, and so build up the massive stock on which the human blossom has come at last, a blossom that dreams of climbing through death to something more than earthly.

And are we told that man is himself only a brute, slightly varied from the other brutes below him? The botanist tells us that the flower also is only a shortened branch, its petals only transformed leaves. Yet that shortened branch of transformed leaves is able to produce a seed that shall live on when the parent tree is no more, when branch and leaf and root and stock have crumbled into dust. A seed so winged sometimes that the fierce storms of autumn may waft it in untroubled slumber across the widest of wintry oceans to new and unknown continents, there to awaken to a nobler life under brighter skies and in a richer soil. Why may not we be a shortened branch of the gigantic reptiles of the past; our hands and eyes and brain, transformed leaves from the brute creation, to produce the final seed of the great century plant, the soul that shall be wafted in the sleep of death across a still wider sea to a still fairer strand?

Therefore, I think we can join in this glad Easter festival, not in its letter but in its spirit, not as a special revelation of Christianity, but as a true instinct of humanity. We can safely trust this high instinct of the human race. We can trust our own God-given reason. We can accept the pledge of these flowers of the new spring, promising us, as the fruit of a noble life here, a still nobler life elsewhere. We can believe, without relying on doubtful tradition, that death will be a doorway to new life for us as it has been for all the creatures below us, only a different door, an outer door, as it were, leading forth from this earthly house to a "more stately mansion." And we can join in celebrating the resurrection of Jesus, not of his body but of his noble soul, and not of *his* only, but of every noble, aspiring soul. Our hope of immortality is not less because of our reason. It is more, is grander and sublimer. How small the old-time kingdom of God appears seen from this eminence, how partial its revelation and petty its heaven and hell, how ignoble its motives and unsatisfying its rewards! But with the new view science gives us, human life seems blossoming into the divine, leaves turning into petals and branches, into bearers of immortal souls, souls destined to a bloom or blight beyond the power of church or priest or dying Saviour to give or to withhold.

And if the old heavens fall, what then? The heaven of Horace and the ancients was only a crystal vault resting on the mountain top. It has become an outgrown shell that cramps the souls of men. Let it crumble and fall. Its ruins will only reveal the infinite immensity of space thronged with worlds beyond worlds, any one of which may be the home of growing souls, as far beyond the human soul as that is beyond the cell; and some one of which may be the real Garden of Eden, of which the fabled Eden was a prophecy, where your life or mine that blossoms and dies here may spring to new bloom and rise to new heights, forever climbing new steps on the world's great altar-stairs that slope through darkness, yes, and through light and ever-increasing light, up to the God of light.

But I will not try to withdraw the veil of the future, even to imagination. I could not, if I would; for such a prospect transcends all speech, as some of the noblest of earthly scenes do. I remember how bereft of all utterance a little group of tourists were once at sunrise on the Rigi. While it was yet dark they had laughed and jested at this or that. But as the light began to dawn and one peak after another stole out of the infinite darkness into rosy bloom, the jesting ceased, though they still found words to express their rapture at each new glory. But when the full-orbed sun rolled its mighty flood of radiance over that ocean of snowy peaks, a great hush fell upon them. They had no words to paint such a scene. It beggared all language.

And so in the darkness of the past or the ignorance of the present men have jested at life, or in the dim twilight priest and preacher have glibly described its faintly, seen glories and promised its heaven or threatened its hell with easy assurance. But when the sum of modern science mounts the intellectual firmament and reveals a mighty ocean of pearly peaks stretching to the very horizon of eternity, a great silence falls upon the soul. Language seems profanity. The infinite possibilities of human life transcend all speech.

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Notes from the Field.

On the Wing.—Rev. C. W. Wendte, of Oakland, Cal., passed through Chicago on his way to Boston, from which port he sails for England and Germany on May 7, returning in August. While abroad he will interest himself in securing international representation at the projected Unitarian Congress at the World's Fair. Mr. Wendte reports our California churches in a flourishing condition. Southern California is rallying finely from its financial depression. A number of new churches have recently been started in that region, and several valuable men gained from orthodox circles for the cause. Revs. Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Sprague are particularly efficient at Pomona and Ontario. Rev. Mr. Thacher's beautiful new stone church at Santa Barbara, an improved copy of that at Ann Arbor, is a monument to his zeal and ability. Rev. B. F. McDaniel is doing faithful and unselfish service at San Diego. At San Jose a really beautiful church, costing $25,000, is nearly completed. Rev. Mr. Haskell's sermons are spoken of with enthusiasm. The Alameda, Sacramento, Pomona, and other societies have paid for handsome building lots, and are considering plans. The situation in Alameda county, which is located directly opposite San Francisco, is unique and encouraging. The three towns, Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, are contiguous and contain together about 75,000 people. Five years ago there was no society of our order in these places. To-day there is a flourishing Unitarian church in each of them, with these ministers at work. At Alameda Rev. G. R. Dodson speaks to 150 people every Sunday, and this church is about to build.

At Berkley Rev. E. S. Payne has an average audience of one hundred and fifty, including four professors and a number of students. At Oakland Mr. Wendte has a parish numbering young and old, about one thousand souls. On Easter Sunday one thousand persons were at the morning service and fifty-two new members were admitted to the church. The new edifice cost nearly $80,000, on which, however, there is a debt of $25,000. There is also a Universalist church in Oakland. It is claimed that this missionary showing can not be excelled by any county in the United States. Rev. Thos. Van Ness is a very earnest and efficient superintendent. His diocese extends over a vast region and involves much travel, while the distance from the Boston and Chicago sources of ministerial supply makes his position especially arduous. He is handicapped also by his missionary undertaking the second, or Unity society in San Francisco, a most promising young plant. He is now on a visit to the churches in Oregon and Washington. Mr. Wendte says nothing has surprised and gratified him more than the results of Rev. H. H. Brown's work in Salem, Oregon, a compact society, a beautiful chapel, and a personal influence extending far beyond the towns, are the fruits of his self-denying and able ministry. At Portland, the church is overflowing with vitality and service. The relation between Rev. Dr. Eliot and his young colleague Mr. Wilber, is a beautiful one, and the church was never so prosperous and full of zeal as now. At Tacoma a splendid opportunity awaits the right man. Seattle rejoices in Rev. Wm. Eliot, who worthily keeps up the traditions of his family. Spokane Falls is having a boom in real estate. Its minister is a true and earnest man, too much neglected by his ministerial associates. Olympia, Puyallup and other points are doing well.

The First Church in San Francisco holds its way as ever, strong and helpful to the cause. During Mr. Wendte's absence his pulpit will be supplied by Rev. H. G Spaulding, S. R. Crothers, S. A. Eliot, Thos. Van Ness and others. Services being kept up all summer, as usual. At Stockton, Rev. W. E. Copeland has recently began services and speaks to three hundred people.

The chief drawback to the prosperity of the Pacific Coast societies is the unsettled condition of ministerial tenure, owing to the small salaries paid the pastors. Owing to the building operations undertaken by the societies, the salaries are necessarily smaller than at the East, which in many cases is a source of real distress.

No minister should think of accepting a call to California or Washington who is not prepared to make some such sacrifice for a few years, or until his society is financially established.

Marblehead, Mass.—A Unity Club was organized last September with the following officers: President, Miss S. E. Le Master, secretary, Miss Edith G. Fabens; treasurer, Miss Fabens. The winter has been devoted to a study of the French Revolution. Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities," and Victor Hugo's "'93," have been read, and the following subjects have been treated in original essays. Charles Dickens, Miss E. G. Fabens. Political Condition of France, England and America in 1775, Miss S. E. Le Master. Charlotte Corday, Miss S. A. Turner. Marat, Mr. J. B. Barnhill. Mirabeau, Miss J. G. Swasey. Robespierre, Miss M. E. Graves. Other essays yet to be read, are Madame de Stael, Miss S. E. Hammond. Danton, Miss Leete Bedee. Madame Roland, Miss M. E. Brown. The Club is planning to give a course of lectures next fall, on the University Extension plan. A strong and hopeful effort is being made to liquidate the church debt, and begin work towards a vestry. Solicitors for this purpose are having fair success and the young ladies' society, the Tuesday Evening Club, at a recent meeting voted to give three hundred dollars towards helping the Parish Party pay the parsonage debt which it had so generously assumed. The Lend-a-Hand Club, under the efficient leadership of Miss Mary Graves, continues its prosperous existence. This Club has given the most successful sociable of the season, and will give another soon.

Boston.—Rev. Chas. W. Wendte, has the kind wishes of all his Boston friends as he starts on his European trip.

—An effort is here being tried to make Easter Monday a legal spring holiday and Good Friday a day to be recommended by the governor for general religious services but not made into a legal holiday.

—The Monday Club will discuss "The Needs of the Ministry."

—Preparations for an interesting anniversary week in Boston are already well advanced.

—The *Register* gives full reports of Easter services in many churches in New England. In all, the children's part is large. Indeed some churches in all the denominations of New England now celebrate the festival by special music and floral decorations.

—Our Unitarian clubs of business men have closed their series of winter banquets. The late topics for discussion were "The Liberal Outlook," "Robert Ingersoll," "Guild Work," "The Social Idea."

—Rev. A. D. Mayo is now lecturing in Virginia on his A. U. A. Mission of "Southern Education."

—The National Bureau of Unity Clubs has arranged a public meeting on Monday evening of anniversary week May 23, in Channing Hall. Rev. J. Ll. Jones and Rev. M. J. Savage will make addresses, and many annual reports will be read. Club reports are solicited by Rev. Geo. W. Cooke, Secretary, 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass.

Cherokee, Ia—We learn that UNITY is glad to receive reports from Unitarian churches, and our little society is so happy over its success that we find pleasure in reporting our progress. It is just ten months since Rev. Mary Safford preached the first Unitarian sermon here, and last Sunday the organization of our church was completed by the "welcoming service." Thirty-six names are on our church book and we expect more soon, as the good faith is interesting many. Before Miss Safford's return from Europe we expect to have a lot purchased, and although this will demand great effort we feel that it can be accomplished. As this is decidedly an orthodox town, we feel that we owe our success to Miss Safford's talent as a preacher and ability in a business way.

ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

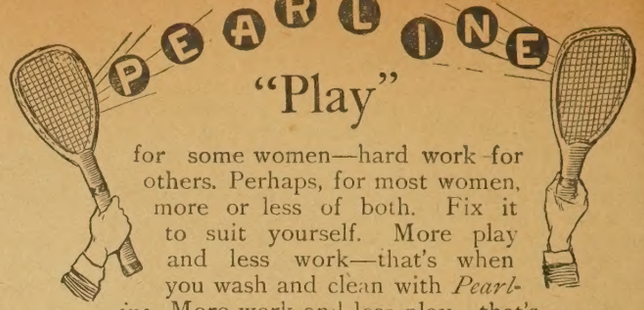
Portland, Ore.—Our Easter services were very interesting, and the Church of Our Father was packed to its utmost capacity, while some who sought entrance were obliged to turn away. Sixty names were added to the church roll. On the Wednesday evening following Miss Susan Hale gave in the chapel a picture of Sir Charles Grandison and His Times. On the next Friday evening the church was again packed by an audience to listen to Pres. Eliot on the Aims of Higher Education. We are having a feast of good things in the line of lectures. Mrs. Florence Williams has just closed a series of ten Browning lectures, which she will soon follow by a course of three on Heroes and Patriots. Prof. Fiske has just begun a course on the Discovery of America, to be followed by other courses.

Alameda, Cal.—We are in recept of a card from Rev. George R. Dodson, pastor of the Unitarian church at this place. The articles of association of this society are as follows: First. We, the undersigned, form ourselves into the First Unitarian Society of Alameda. Second. The object of this society is to promote intellectual, moral and spiritual truth, and in all ways to advance the philanthropic and charitable activities of Alameda.

Milwaukee.—The widow of W. H. Metcalf, worthy partner in good works of her lamented husband, has lifted the twelve thousand dollar debt from the new church, and also promised a new organ as a gift. Services will begin this week under these inspiring conditions.

Sherwood, Mich.—We learn from Rev. Ida C. Hultin, that the energetic little society here has bought a lot, and will soon begin the work of building. UNITY extends hearty congratulations, and wishes a spirit as strong and hopeful prevailed in all Unitarian churches.

Geneseo, Ill.—The recent fair netted the society clear of all expenses $310. Some $800 will be expended on church improvements. Seventeen new names were added Easter to the church book.



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i.—Be not anxious about little things if thou would'st learn to trust God with thine all.

t.—Bear, in the presence of God, to know thyself.

Edward Bouverie Pusey.

Small Boy and Big Cent.

front of the toy store with look intent,
ood the small boy with big, big cent.

is eyes open wide and his cap all awry,
ondering what's the biggest thing that
cent will buy.

he sturdy little purchaser on one thing is
intent,
e's going to get the most he can for the
big, big cent.

nd thus I left him standing in the self-same
place,
he penny in his left hand, the wonder in
his face.

ut when I was coming home from the town
that self-same night,
heard a penny whistle blown with all an
urchin's might.

nd looking where the lusty sound with
children's voices blent,
saw it was the hero of the big, big cent.

—Housekeeper's Weekly.

Mlle. Nikita.

A particularly humane little body is Mlle. Nikita, the American prima donna, as is shown by an incident of her last visit to Prague. Opposite the hotel was a high tower—part of the old battlements of the town—with several statues at the summit. One day the young singer was standing on the piazza, when she fancied she saw a bird fluttering its wings among the statues. Fetching her opera-glass, Nikita descried a dove entangled in the stone-work, and could plainly see blood trickling from one of its limbs. Her pity aroused, Nikita sent word to the commissionaire at the hotel entrance that she would give him fifteen florins if he would fetch the bird down. The man replied that he would gladly oblige mademoiselle, but he was afraid of injuring the statuary, which he dared not do. A message to the mayor brought a reply more ornate in form, but similar in effect. Nikita was in despair; the poor bird was bleeding to death and she could do nothing. The next morning she induced the fire brigade, on promising to indemnify them for any damage done to the statues, to bring their escape to the spot. But it was too short to reach the summit of the tower, which was about 250 feet high, and could only be gained by a perilous climb. A large crowd had gathered, having heard of the strange action of the young and famous foreign singer. Nikita was sorrowfully thinking that the dove must be abandoned to its fate, when a young workman rushed up to her and offered to make the ascent. Almost before Nikita could accept his services he was mounting the ladder and climbing to the summit. Having secured the wounded dove he had to be let down by ropes. The descent was safely accomplished, and running to Nikita the young hero placed the bird gently in her hands. Nikita, full of gratitude, took off a diamond ring from her finger and gave it to the delighted workman. Nikita tended the bird a fortnight, and then having to leave Prague, and the dove being well, she allowed it the liberty it had nearly lost with its life.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

Strange Title of a Church.

One of the many churches of Spain bears the strange name of "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water." This is its history: A certain good-hearted, but very poor priest, living in a little village not far from the mountains, was startled one day by two or three soldiers entering his house, carrying with them a bleeding brigand, with a broken arm. The priest hastened to bind up the wounded arm, though the captors seemed to care little whether or no their prisoner lived. The injured man who bore his sufferings without a groan, then begged for a drink of water, and as he raised to receive it, encouraged by the priest's kind manner, he whispered that his two children were left friendless on the edge of the wooded hills. When the prisoner had been dragged away, the Curé went in search of the poor children, found them crying and hungry, and brought them to his humble home. Then, poor as he was, he sent the boy to school, and the girl to a neighboring convent; and by much self-denial, and in spite of many remarks on his folly, provided for their support.

Years passed away and the children were almost grown up, when one day a magnificent carriage stopped at the door of the humble parsonage; a fine-looking man in uniform, his breast covered with decorations, stepped out. He explained that he was the wounded brigand, that he had escaped, and in one of the many Spanish revolutions had chanced to be of the winning party, now held a high office, and had returned to claim his children. And when he had affectionately greeted them he asked permission of the good old priest, that he might build him a new church in place of the shabby, little mountain chapel, and that it might, in remembrance of his kindness to the suffering, be called "The Church of the Cup of Cold Water."—*The Tablet.*

LONDON *Tit-Bits* not long ago offered a cash prize for the best definition of "Wit," and it was won by a Mr. Adams, of Aberdeen, who wrote: "Wit is the power to say what everybody else was going to have said, if they had happened to think of it." The funniest thing about it, though, is that a Scotchman should have known what wit is.

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Announcements.

Western Unitarian Anniversaries,

TO BE HELD AT

CHICAGO, ILL.,

May 17, 18, 19, 20, 1892.

We believe that we ought to join hands and work to make the good things better and the worst good, counting nothing good for self that is not good for all.—From "*Things Commonly Believed.*"

Day Sessions at All Souls Church.
Evening Sessions at the Memorial Baptist Church.
Noon Lunches served by the ladies of All Souls Church at Council Hall.

All the above places are in the vicinity of the church, corner of Oakwood Boulevard and Langley Ave. Take the Cottage Grove cable cars to Oakwood Boulevard, and walk one block west.

1881. 1892.
WOMEN'S WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

OBJECT: *The advancement of Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.*

ELEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

TUESDAY, MAY 17.

All Souls Church.

9:00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING.
Led by Rev. Sophie Gibb, Janesville.
10:00 A. M.—PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS.
Reports of Secretary, Treasurer, P. O. M. secretary, and from visiting Societies.
11:00 A. M.—PAPER. What can we ask of Religion? Mrs. Ednah D. Cheney, Boston.
Discussion led by Mrs. C. P. Woolley.

Council Hall.

12:00 M. to 2:00 P. M.—NOON LUNCH AND SOCIAL REUNION.

All Souls Church.

2:00 P. M.—BUSINESS.
RELIGIOUS COUNCILS: Their Value.
Five minute talks.
PAPER.—Mrs. L. H. Stone, Kalamazoo.
Closing Address.

Any society contributing not less than $5.00 to the treasury, may be represented by two general delegates. Annual Membership $1.00. Life Membership, $10.00. All are entitled to vote.

1852. 1892.
WESTERN UNITARIAN CONFERENCE.

OBJECT: *The transaction of business pertaining to the general interests of the Societies connected with the Conference.*

THIRTY-EIGHTH ANNUAL SESSION.

TUESDAY, MAY 17.

Memorial Baptist Church.

8:00 P. M.—OPENING SERMON.—By Chas. F. Bradley, Quincy.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18.

All Souls Church.

9:00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING.
10:00 A. M.—OPENING BUSINESS SESSION. Reports of Officers. Appointment of Committees and brief reports from the Field.

Council Hall.

12:00 M. to 2:00 P. M.—NOON LUNCH AND SOCIAL REUNION.

All Souls Church.

2:00 P. M.—TRIBUTES.
Henry Doty Maxson, and other workers.

3:00 P. M.—MISSIONARY PROBLEMS OF THE WEST.
Fifteen minute addresses followed by discussion.
The Constituency that waits the Liberal Church.
Henry T. Secrist, Milwaukee.
How to reach this Constituency.
John E. Roberts, Kansas City.
Difficulties in the way.
Newton M. Mann, Omaha.
The Work there is to Do.
Henry C. McDougal, Madison.

Memorial Baptist Church.

8:00 P. M.—THE LIBERAL MINISTER: His Equipment and Place.
Prof. G. R. Freeman of the Meadville Theological School.
Fifteen minute addresses:
W. W. Fenn, Chicago.
Caroline J. Bartlett, Kalamazoo.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

All Souls Church.

9:00 A. M.—DEVOTIONAL MEETING.
10:00 A. M.—THE SIGNIFICANCE OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.
S. M. Crothers, St. Paul.
Fifteen minute addresses:
Arthur M. Judy, Davenport.
T. G. Milsted, Chicago, and others.

Council Hall.

12:00 M. to 2:00 P. M.—NOON LUNCH AND SOCIAL REUNION.

3:00 P. M.—THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.
3:30 P. M.—ELECTION OF OFFICERS, and other business.
6:30 P. M.—CLOSING BANQUET. Grand Pacific Hotel. A Banquet will be tendered to all accredited delegates from outside of the city, free. Residents and visiting friends will be charged $1.50 per plate. Mr. Hosmer has been invited to act as Toast-Master. Those wishing to attend are requested to send their names to the chairman of Banquet Committee, J. B. Galloway, Tacoma B'ld'g.

The payment of not less than $10.00 to the Conference by any society, entitles said society to three general delegates, and an additional one for each thirty families therewith connected. Annual Membership, $1.00. Life Membership. $25.00. Delegates alone entitled to vote.

1873. 1892.
THE WESTERN UNITARIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL SOCIETY.

OBJECT: *To improve the quality of Sunday School publications, and to make our Sunday Schools effective nurseries of progressive, reverent and helpful churches.*

NINETEENTH ANNUAL MEETING.

THURSDAY, MAY 19.

All Souls Church.

2:00 P. M.—Reports of Secretary, Treasurer, Institute Secretary. Election of Officers and discussion of plans.

Annual Membership, $1.00. Life Membership, $10.00.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

To the World's Fair.

10:00 A. M.—The Directory has thrown the World's Fair Grounds open to visitors on the payment of twenty-five cents admission fee. Arrangments has been made with licensed conveyances to take the party in carriages through the grounds, for twenty-five cents additional. Plans will be made to take the delegates together, Friday morning, on a tour of inspection, under suitable guidance.
2:00 P. M.—*Unitarian Headquarters, 175 Dearborn St.*

Meetings of the Directors-elect of the three organizations.

INVITATION.

All Souls Church desires to make as comfortable arrangements as possible for all who may attend the meetings of the Conference. So far as the capacity of our homes permits, we cordially extend free hospitality to the friends in attendance. Beyond this we will be glad to make such arrangements for the visitors at private boarding-houses, family hotel in the neighborhood, or at the leading hotels in the center of the town, as they may wish, securing for them in every case, the lowest available rates.

It would greatly facilitate our work if we might receive the names of those who may be in attendance, as early as convenient, stating, when practicable, the preference as to private boarding-house, near hotel, or down-town hotel.

The church is one block west of Cottage Grove cable cars, on Oakwood Boulevard, within forty minutes' ride from the center of town.

Hoping to welcome a goodly delegation, whether previously announced or otherwise, we are, Fraternally yours,

MRS. S. W. LAMSON, 3991 Ellis Ave.
MRS. JOHN D. BANGS, 3461 Ellis Ave.
Hospitality Committee for All Souls Church.

"Do you want a good thing?" asked President Lincoln of an importunate office-seeker. "Yes," was the reply. "Get Don Quixote then, and read it. It will make you laugh." Still more laughable to those who appreciate American above Spanish humor is the "New Don Quixote," in which the sorrowful knight of La Mancha and his faithful squire, Sancho, are brought in contact with the civilization of the nineteenth century. Send fifty cents for it to Brentano's, Chicago.

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Publisher's Notes.

Two little books published from this office have lately received encouraging recognition from the influential orthodox journal, *The Sunday-School Times.* This is encouraging in more ways than one, for it shows how well our authors have sounded the notes that are common to all forms of religious belief. We quote here the paragraphs referred to:)

It seems clearly to be a part of the divine regulation that our earthly lives should be largely devoted to duties which seem to us of a humble and humdrum order; and that our days and years should chiefly be taken up by that seemingly mean and commonplace toil which leaves on the mind a sense of waste or insufficiency. There is constantly room, therefore, for new applications of the perennial truth that there can be but one right use of the moment, and that not every plain duty can be conspicuously majestic or widely influential. In the Rev. William C. Gannett's tractate entitled *Blessed be Drudgery* (the fifty-fourth thousand of which has just been issued) the chief emphasis is laid on the fact that true spiritual culture comes through the right acceptance of this very drudgery—that our best self-foundations must ever be "attention, promptness, accuracy, firmness, patience, self-denial." (6x4½ inches, paper, pp. 30. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, 10 cents.

Too many are inclined to make of life a kind of Christian stoicism, a mere grim endurance, a negative suffering rather than a positive living and outgiving. In his sermon on *The Royalty of Service*, the Rev. Frederick L. Hosmer reminds his readers that "service is the index of power, and the power or capacity a man represents is what makes him really great." "In the willingness simply to serve, all belittling self-consciousness is lost." From literature and from world-experience the author draws examples to show that the many-sidedness of human life needs manifold ministries; that Christ never lauded any one vocation in life, but rather the spirit consecrating every duty; and that "they who are really chief are they who most serve, whose monuments are built during their lives, not over the six feet of earth that will hold their dust, but in the impressions and memories they leave in the hearts that have known and loved them." (6x4½ inches, paper, pp. 23. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. Price, 10 cents.)

The extra demand caused by this notice has made a second edition of "The Royalty of Service" necessary. We mail a dozen copies for $1.00, and to any wishing to order by the hundred for missionary purposes we will quote a special price.

Churches, Sunday-schools and individuals that have not yet sent in their annual contributions to the Western Unitarian Sunday-School Society are respectfully reminded that the books must be closed on May 14th for the annual report. The society is out of debt, and has raised more money this year than last, but it is in immediate need of special contributions to the amount of $300, to make possible without delay the issue of the late Mr. Maxson's Lessons on the Beginnings of Religion and Mr. Learned's Lessons on Some Religions of the Older World in book form, also a revised edition of Unity Services and Songs.

The season of flowers is fast approaching, and Sunday-schools should prepare for the "Flower Service" or "Children's Day." For this they will need the book called "Unity Festivals," which contains services and songs for this festival as well as Harvest, Christmas, Easter and others. The price is but $15 a hundred or $2.50 a dozen, and a single copy will be mailed for 30 cents.

A few of the slightly damaged paper books previously advertised are still on hand, including copies of "The Auroraphone," "The Genius of Galilee," "St. Solifer," "John Auburntop, Novelist," and "The Rice Mills of Port Mystery." These are all fifty cent books and are in good condition except as to the cover. We will mail them for 25 cents each while they last.

We have in press a remarkable novel, called "Inquirendo Island." Watch this page next week for particulars.

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